

# Echoes

Radical Face

Father was drunk on the porch  
Quietly cleaning his guns while we sat  
And watched the sun set from the roof  
Drinking stolen beer  
The day I turned twelve

And Momma was losing her mind  
So we built a home in the woods  
And I carved our names in the sign  
With a knife we found beneath the house  
The day you turned twelve

And I am always reminded of lies  
That we told, but never meant  
And at night when I still hear you grin  
Like an echo sounding from my sins  
Come on, let me in

I remember the cast on your arm  
From when we were convinced we could fly  
And how we covered it up in fake names  
To make it seem like you were famous  
When you came back to school

And sure, we never had much  
But we did just as we pleased  
We had no concern for anything  
Beyond the day we were living in  
We had no need to dream

And I am always reminded of lies  
That we told, but never meant  
And at night I could still hear you grin  
Like an echo sounding from my sins  
Come on, let me in